A GOOD STORY.

THE MYSTERIOUS FORGERY.

[Whitehall Review.]

It was a bleak October morning, and Mr. Walter Crump, cashier to the firm of Messrs. Livesey & Mason, quickened his pace as he made his way along Throgmorton street to the scene of his daily toil. It was not that he feared to be late that Mr. Crump was walking fast. During all the forty years that he had sat upon a high stool from 10 to 5 Mr. Crump had never been known to be late for his work. A more methodical, careful man never hung over a ledger or balanced a cash-book.

At length he reached the well-known staircase, opened the office door, and stood still for a moment in surprise. Young Carter, the assistant bookkeeper, was there before him, already at his work. Mr. Crump smiled grimly.

"So you've made a beginning, young man," he said. "Well, we'll see."

Carter's face flushed a little as he bade the older man good-morning. The fact was that Crump, who had married rather late in life, had a bright-eyed daughter named Annie, with whom Robert Carter had fallen very much in love. It was only on the preceding evening that things had come to a crisis, and, somewhat to the young man's surprise, Mr. Crump had rejected the proposed engagement. He did not like young Carter. He did not approve of the young fellow's fashionably-cut collars, nor of his scarf-pin, nor of his cane. Such things, Mr. Crump considered, were the signs of a frivolous disposition and unsteady habits. Nor did Mr. Crump approve of the snatches of comic songs which Carter was continually humming. He suspected that the young man frequented music halls, and spent more money on cheap cigars, novels, and outings than was proper for one in his position. Besides, Mr. Robert Carter was usually the last of all the clerks to make his appearance in the morning, and this was, in Mr. Crump's eyes, a very bad sign. It was plain to the old man that Carter was now making an attempt to earn his good opinion.

"Time will show—time will show," said Mr. Crump in rather an aggravating way, as he changed his coat, opened his desk, unlocked his safe and set about his work.

Soon the other clerks began to arrive, and then came Mr. Mason, the acting partner, a tall, pale man, with long black whiskers. Mr. Livesey, the senior partner, only came to the office twice a week to examine the bank-book and see how things were going on. Mr. Mason opened the letters, and soon appeared at Mr. Crump's desk with a small sheaf of them in his hand. These were letters in response to which small sums of money had to be sent, and it belonged to Mr. Crump to attend to them, for he had authority to sign checks for the firm for sums up to five pounds.

Mr. Crump first made a list of the payments he had to make, and then went to his safe for his check-book. As he opened it to write the first check he was surprised to find that the counterfoil belonging to the last check which had been taken from the book was not filled up. He could hardly believe his eyes. Never in all his life had he written a check without first filling up the counterfoil with particulars of the amount, the date, and the person to whom the check was sent. But his surprise changed to dismay when he took out his cash-book and found that he had only drawn nine checks the day before, the counterfoils of which were all properly filled up, whereas a tenth check had been torn out of the book.

For a moment he sat as if stunned. Could any one have stolen the blank check? He always kept the key of his safe on his own bunch, but it was just possible that some one might have got hold of the key, taken an impression of it in wax, and had a false key made. He had heard of such things. He leaned his head on his hands and tried to think. When had he closed the safe last night? About 4 in the afternoon, before any one had left the office for the day; for he remembered that he had been sent to the docks about 4 o'clock with some documents for a ship that was about to sail, and that when he got back at half-past 6 everybody had left, and the place was in darkness.

If the blank check had been stolen, the theft must have been committed last night—or this morning. Could the safe have been opened before his arrival? He remembered Carter's unusually early appearance, and threw a suspicious glance at the young man.

Then a simpler solution of the matter occurred to him. It was very possible that, in tearing out the last check he had drawn the day before, he had torn out two by mistake, folded them up, and sent them off together. This would, of course, account for the appearance of the check-book. He determined to write at once to Marshall & Co., merchants in Liverpool, to whom he had sent his last check, and ask whether a blank check had not been sent to them by mistake.

Then the question arose—should he mention the circumstance to Mr. Mason? On consideration Mr. Crump thought that it was not necessary to do so. Mr. Mason was rather a hard man to deal with, and a confession would ruin the character for carefulness which the cashier had so long enjoyed. And he fully expected that in two days at most he would get a letter from Liverpool enclosing the slip of paper which had cost him so much anxiety.

The next day was a Tuesday, and, according to his invariable custom on that day of the week, Mr. Livesey made his appearance in the office. Business had not long commenced when everybody in the establishment was aware that something unusual had happened. Mr. Mason was closeted with his partner for a few minutes, and then went hurriedly out of the office, returning shortly afterward with Mr. Jeffreys, the manager of the London and Lancashire Bank, at which the firm kept their account.

Then Mr. Jeffreys left and came back, accompanied by one of his cashiers. Then a bell was rung, and Mr. Crump was sent for.

With a beating heart and a cold sweat on his brow the cashier obeyed the summons.

"Bring your check-book, Mr. Crump," said the senior partner.

This was done, and a tall man, whom Mr. Crump had not noticed up to that time, stepped up to the table and glanced at the check-book along with Mr. Livesey.

"I thought so," exclaimed the old gentleman. "Here's the place from which the check was taken; here is the counterfoil. The numbers correspond. What made you do it, Crump? You are the last man in the world from whom I would have expected such conduct."

"Do what, sir?" faintly uttered Mr. Crump.

"Do what?" echoed his employer with a contemptuous smile. "Who did you get to do this little bit of work for you?"

As he spoke Mr. Livesey tossed a check across the table. Mr. Crump took it up and read: "The London and Lancashire Bank: Pay Jos. Beckman, Esq., or order, three thousand one hundred and seventy-two pounds fifteen shillings.—Livesey and Mason."

He looked up bewildered. The tall man in the frock coat watched him narrowly.

"Who is this Beckman?" asked Mr. Livesey.

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know? You see that the check has come from your book?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you give it to any one?"

"No, sir."

"Did you miss it?"

"Yes, sir; I missed it yesterday; and I wrote to Messrs. Marshall, to whom I had sent the one before that, thinking that I had torn out two by mistake."

"That rather points to his innocence," whispered Mr. Livesey to the tall man at his elbow.

"It may be only a clever plant, sir," returned the other.

"You did not put the letter among the others to be copied in a letter-book," put in Mr. Mason.

Crump hung his head.

"Is the check—" he began, after a pause.

"Of course it is forged," answered Mr. Livesay.

"And was it paid?"

"Yes, it was paid yesterday."

Mr. Crump shuddered, took a long breath, and waited.

"Now, Crump, you had better make a clean breast of it," said Mr. Livesey after few moments' silence. "Tell us who this man Beckman is; tell us where the money has gone—it can't be all spent already—and it will be none the worse for you."

Mr. Crump felt a choking sensation in his throat; but he plucked up courage enough to say, "I have told you already, sir, that I know nothing about it. It was only yesterday morning that I noticed that a check had been taken from the book."

"Why did you not mention it?" asked Mr. Mason.

"I thought I had torn it out myself along with the one I sent to Mr. Marshall."

"But it may have been torn out by any one in the office during the day before?"

"Yes, sir," replied Crump. "I don't see how any one could have got at the book, for I am very careful; but it is possible."

"The thief has probably got a professional forger to copy the signature from an old letter," said Mr. Mason, taking up the slip of paper. "It is beautifully imitated. I would not have detected it myself."

"It is plain that the thief must have been some one in the office, though probably he had an accomplice outside," said Mr. Jeffreys. "A stranger would not have known that the firm had so large a balance at the moment. Is there any one of your fellow-clerks whom you think may have had a hand in it?" he added, turning to the cashier.

"No, sir."

"Is there any one who keeps loose company, or any one who is in the habit of spending too much money?"

Mr. Crump thought of Carter, and hesitated for a moment.

"Speak, sir, if you are wise," said Mr. Livesey sternly.

"I have sometimes thought that Mr. Carter spent a good deal on dress, and so on; but not more than many young men," replied Mr. Crump. But as he spoke he suddenly remembered Robert Carter's unusually early appearance on the preceding morning, and a suspicion arose in his mind. Without intending it he allowed his thoughts to appear in his face, so that his protest—"I know nothing whatever against Mr. Carter"—had but little effect.

Crump was sent back to his desk, and Carter was sent for. He came back to the clerk's room in a state of great indignation, having strenuously denied any knowledge whatever of the forgery. The result of a consultation between the bank manager and the partners was that as Crump could not account for the loss of the check, he had probably stolen it; and that, although there was not evidence enough to prosecute him, he must be dismissed at once. As to Carter, they determined to allow him to remain where he was and keep a close watch on his proceedings.

Poor Walter Crump went home that day like one in a dream. He was dismissed as the accomplice of a forger. And he could not say that, in the circumstances, he had been treated unjustly. The check had been entrusted to him, and he had lost it. It was, apparently, at least, his fault that the crime had been committed. He almost wondered that he had not been sent to prison.

When he reached his own house he sat down in front of the fire without speaking, and even his favorite daughter Annie could not make him say what troubled him. How could he tell his children that he, their father, had been dismissed from his situation on suspicion of having robbed his employers of £3,000?

About 8 o'clock in the evening a knock came to the old man's door. It was Robert Carter. Crump started to his feet in indignation. Was this fellow, whom he suspected to be the real criminal, to come and gloat over him in his misery?

But before he could speak Carter had come into the room and held out his hand:

"I came to tell you, Mr. Crump," said he, "how sorry we all are in the office about this. None of us believe you had anything to do with it, of course. It will all come out, likely, in a day or two."

The old man stared at him for a minute or two without speaking, and without taking Carter's hand.

"Begone, sir!" he cried at last. "How dare you come here to insult me with your sympathy? *You!* I fancy you are the one who knows most about it."

Annie turned from one to the other with bewildered, terrified looks. Fortunately she was the only other one of the family in the room.

"What is it, father?" she cried, clasping her hands. "What is it you say Robert knows more about than any one else? Oh, tell me what has happened?"

"Go to your room, girl," said her father, sternly. "There is trouble enough without your meddling in it. Stop," he continued, as the girl slowly left the room. "You see that young man. I forbid you to see him, to write to him, to receive any letters from him. He—you will know soon enough"—

"What, sir!" cried Carter, his eyes blazing with indignation. "Do you say that *I*—that *I* took the check? Why, it was an impossibility, even if I had wished to do such a thing."

"Leave my house, sir!" was the old man's reply, as he reseated himself in his chair. He had by this time persuaded himself that in some unguarded moment he had left his key in the safe, that Carter had taken an impression of it and had a false key made, and that he had got some clever forger to imitate the firm's signature. But he knew that no one would believe him, that appearances were all against him, and that it would be impossible for him now even to earn his bread. He looked upon Carter as the man who had ruined him, and in his misery and unreasonableness he fancied that one of the young man's objects was to throw suspicion upon him, to reduce him to poverty, and make it impossible for him to refuse to accept him as Annie's husband. But in this the old man determined he would never yield.

Carter protested once more against the injustice of the cashier's suspicions, and then left the room. At the street-door he met Annie, who was waiting for him.

"Oh, Robert," she exclaimed in a low voice, "tell me what has happened."

"Somebody at the office has forged a check for three thousand pounds and more," he replied. "It had been taken from your father's book, and—and—he fancies I took it—I, who had nothing to do with his safe whatever."

"And do they imagine it was ——"

Robert was silent.

"And you came here to say you didn't believe it? Oh, how good of you!"

"But he thinks I am the thief. You don't, Annie?"

"No, Robert; I am very sure of that. Only, I can't see you so long as my father—"

Robert's only answer to this was a sigh, and with a hurried good-by the lovers parted.

* * * * *

Weeks and months went by, and the mystery of the forged check remained unsolved. Mr. Livesey insisted that the firm should bear the loss of the £3,000, which Mr. Mason thought the bank ought to repay, as they were legally responsible for the money.

"No," said the old gentleman, "they may be legally responsible, but I don't see that they ought to suffer. The check itself was in our hands, and we allowed a thief to get hold of it. The bank did all they could. The forged signature is so like yours that no one could tell the difference; and the bank cashier tells me that the man who cashed it showed him letters addressed to himself as 'Joseph Beckman' (the name on the check), and showed him his card, saying that he was a solicitor. Of course he wasn't. The thing has been most cleverly planned, and I am quite at a loss to think who put that poor fellow Crump up to it; but it seems to me we can't let the bank suffer. We could not afford to let it be known we had done so. No other bank would keep our account."

Of course poor Walter Crump could not find another situation, though he would have been glad to take the lowest place in an office. The wolf came to his door in earnest. Annie, who had a situation in a board school, was the chief support of the family, and the poor girl was pale and thin from long hours and scanty meals.

It was about five months after the day when the cashier was dismissed in disgrace that one day Mr. Mason left his office at half-past 1, his usual hour for going out to lunch. Half-past 1 was also the time when it was Robert Carter's turn to go out for half an hour, and Mr. Mason had hardly had time to reach the street when the young man left his desk, went into Mr. Mason's room, entered a small closet in which a wash-hand basin was fitted up, and proceeded to wash his hands. This was a high misdemeanor, especially as accommodation was provided for clerks in another part of the building, but Mr. Robert Carter preferred Mr. Mason's closet, and always used it when he had a chance of doing so.

On this occasion, however, he had barely begun his ablutions when he heard the outer door of the office slam, and then he heard some one, whom he judged to be his employer, come into the room.

Fortunately the door of the closet was nearly closed, so that the young man was invisible to any one in the centre of the room.

"He has only come back for his umbrella," said Robert to himself; "there is no need for my moving. If I keep quiet he will be gone in a minute. No! Some one else has come in with him. What shall I do?"

Mr. Mason had already closed the double doors which led from his room to the outer office, and Carter was screwing up his courage to the point of confessing his presence when the first words spoken by the stranger fell upon his ear and made him stand as still as a stone.

"You can take your choice, as I said in my letter. Hand me over another hundred or I'll split. What's one seventy-two out of three thousand? I had all the risk, and you ——"

"Silence, will you?" hissed out Mr. Mason, in an angry whisper. "I can't give you a hundred pounds, for I haven't got it; but I will give you fifty now and fifty next month. After that you can 'split' if you like, for you shall get no more out of me. Anything would be better than living as slave to a man like you."

"Hand over the fifty, then," said the other after a pause; and then there was a slight rustle of bank-notes.

"You had better leave the country," said Mr. Mason in a low tone. "The bank cashier who cashed the check might meet you in the street."

"I'll take care of that," replied the stranger; and after a few more words had passed the two men left the office

All this time Carter had been standing half paralyzed, first by fear of discovery and then by astonishment. But he understood this much, that this stranger was the man who had cashed the forged check under the name of Beckman; that Mr. Mason knew it, and so far from denouncing him to the police was giving him money to hold his tongue. Yes; and more than this—the stranger was threatening to "split" upon Mr. Mason!

What it could all mean Carter could not comprehend; but he saw one thing plainly enough. The important point was to find out who this man was and where he lived. In a moment Carter ran out of the room, seized his hat, and rushed down stairs. He was just in time. Mr. Mason was leaving the foot of the stairs, going up the street, while a well-dressed man who had evidently just parted from him, was walking rapidly in the opposite direction. Carter followed the stranger to the Mansion House, and saw him take a Bayswater omnibus. This suited Carter exactly. He went round to the front of the vehicle and got up beside the driver. Then he clambered along the roof and seated himself above the door.

At the Holborn Restaurant the man whom he was following got out and stopped to refresh himself, while Carter waited patiently outside. At last he reappeared, and Carter quietly followed him down Holborn, up Gray's Inn Road, and into a dingy street in the neighborhood of King's Cross. Here the pretended solicitor stopped at a door, which he opened with a latch-key.

"Ah?" said Carter to himself, "I have you now!"

He waited a few moments, and then knocked at the door.

It was answered by a dirty, slipshod girl.

"Does Mr. Williamson live here?" inquired the young man.

"No, he doesn't."

"Wasn't that Mr. Williamson who came in just now—Mr. Williamson, of Peterborough?"

"No, it wasn't. This was our first floor, Mr. Cromer. You've made a mistake."

"So I have. Beg pardon, I'm sure"—and Carter turned away.

From King's Cross he went straight to Scotland Yard and narrated his experiences. That night Mr. Livesey received a visit which caused him some surprise—and so did Mr. Cromer. No sooner was the latter gentleman in the hands of the police than he confessed the whole matter.

Mr. Mason had known Cromer, who was a scoundrel with a respectable appearance and a plausible manner, for some time, and had selected him to be his tool. He had sent poor Crump to the docks on the afternoon before the morning when the check was missed. He had come back to the office after the clerks were gone, and had then opened Crump's safe with his own key and abstracted the blank check. This check he had himself filled up and signed with the firm's signature in the usual way, so there was little wonder that the cashier at the bank paid it without any suspicion. He had, no doubt, calculated that the bank would have to bear the loss; but, as it was, he had cheated Mr. Livesey out of two thousand pounds, for, as he himself had but a third share in the business, only one thousand out of the three had to come out of his own pocket.

Mr. Mason saved his partner the trouble of trying whether he could make him criminally responsible for what he had done; for when the police went to look for him he had disappeared. Probably he had seen Robert Carter following his accomplice, and, scenting danger, had saved himself while there was time. It turned out afterward that he had been speculating largely on the Stock Exchange and was sorely in need of money to pay his losses. It was some consolation to Mr. Livesey to think that his dishonest partner had not profited much by his theft.

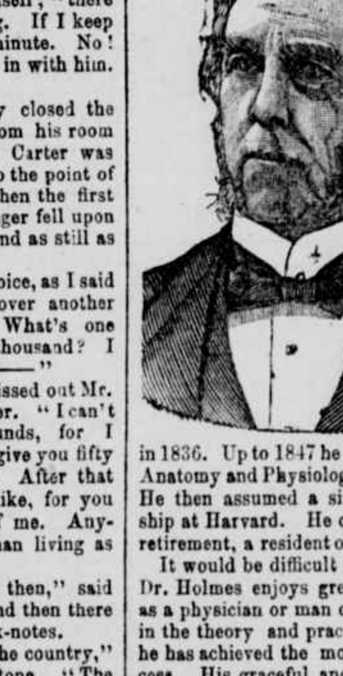
As for Walter Crump, he was offered his old place, with an apology and a handsome present to boot; and he still keeps the books which he had so long under his care. He has not quite overcome his prejudice against Robert Carter, and he always regarded it as a hard thing that he should have to owe his reputation and his deliverance from poverty to that particular young gentleman. However, as things were he could do no less than inform Carter that he had done him an injustice, and that he would be happy to see him in the evening whenever it suited him to call. The color came back to Annie's cheek and the light to her eyes when she heard the good news; and it was not many weeks before she became the promised wife of the young man who discovered the secret of The Mysterious Forgery.

OUR VISITOR TO ENGLAND.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Now in "The Old Country."

Oliver Wendell Holmes is delighting the English, who have always read his contributions to literature with appreciation. He has not been in "the old country" for about fifty years until now. The genial, alert old gentleman is not less young in feeling than he was when another generation of cultured English people received him into their homes.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet, physician, and humorist, was born in 1809, in the old "gambrel-roofed" house in Cambridge, Mass., opposite the Harvard University buildings. His father, Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., was an eminent preacher, and was long pastor of the First Congregational church of Cambridge. Dr. Holmes graduated at Harvard in 1829, and, adopting the medical profession, completed his studies



in 1836. Up to 1847 he filled the chair of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth. He then assumed a similar professorship at Harvard. He continues, in his retirement, a resident of Boston.

It would be difficult to say whether Dr. Holmes enjoys greater distinction as a physician or man of letters. Both in the theory and practice of medicine he has achieved the most brilliant success. His graceful and polished style invests the dryest topics with a peculiar charm, and makes him one of the best known and most popular of American writers.

His earliest work in verse was in the form of contributions to the *Collegian*, a paper published by undergraduates at Harvard. He has written many verses with college anniversary occasions as their subject. The problems created by the interdependence of mind and matter have employed Dr. Holmes's pen, both as he is a man of science and as a literary man. In his "Currents and Undercurrents in Medical Science," and in "Mechanism and Morals," he deals with them from the scientific, and in "Elsie Venner," a romance, from the artistic standpoint. The *Atlantic Monthly* had Dr. Holmes among its founders, and "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" appeared first in the pages of that periodical. Several medical journals and the *North American Review* and the *International Review* have been enriched by contributions from the versatile Doctor, who seems to be equally ready for profound disquisition on a wide range of subjects and for the composition of those "trifles" which will always be treasured as expressions of genius. Who does not know the "One-Horse Shay" and the "September Gale"? The apt sweetness of his sentimental verses is appreciated by all readers of taste.

Though in his seventy-seventh year Dr. Holmes is still hale and hearty, looking very much as he has for forty years past.

The Greek question is simultaneously troubling the great Powers of Europe and the overseers of Harvard College.—*Lowell Courier.*

FOR THE LADIES.

A BUDGET ABOUT THE LATEST FANCIES OF FASHION.

What to Wear and How to Wear It—Bonnets—Renovating Old Dresses.

[Times.]

Bonnets and hats have of late changed very little in respect of shape, but they are trimmed in so many ways that much variety is secured by the skilful use of feathers, flowers, and ribbons. Ribbons are particularly well adapted to this purpose, as it is rather difficult to get variety with feathers and flowers only. With ribbon it is otherwise, for there are many ways of arranging the loops in cockades, large bows, and aigrettes, and the great range of colors incidental to the present styles facilitates many new arrangements in this line. One of the novelties of the season is a round hat of lace trimmed with ribbon. The crown is high, and the brim almost straight on the right side, while it is raised on the left and in the back. The frame is first covered with a double piece of tulle. Over this is a ruffle of Chantilly lace, which falls over the brim. A lace ruffle is taken around the crown. The lace forms a gathered heading, and the points of the lace extend a little above the crown. The brim is also surrounded by a gathered lace ruffle, which is fastened down to form diagonal plaits. The lace is then sewed under the brim and turned over. Another piece of lace is placed flat on the inside of the brim. The hat is trimmed with three bows of moire, faille, or fancy ribbon. One is on the top of the crown, a little to the left, and half covered with the lace. This is the largest bow. Another is below it, on the lower part of the crown, and the lace on the brim partly covers the bow. The third bow is placed in the back against the raised brim. Many straw hats are trimmed with colored "crêpon." Some black straws have draperies of cherry "crêpon." A hat of coarse black straw, with the brim lined with moss-green velvet, is trimmed with a twisted piece of sulphur-colored "crêpon," and a jet Spanish comb is placed in the drapery. Two shades are specially favored for these trimmings; one is tuede and the other a beautiful delicate tone of grayish green called "amande." When the bows are in these two colors combined the effect produced is very good.

Many capotes are made by French modistes of lace and gauze in beige, ecru, and reddish brown. Black lace capotes have jet Spanish combs raised in aigrettte style, and used to fasten down the draperies of the lace. Roses of different colors are very fashionable on bonnets.

Misses' and children's hats are very prettily trimmed. Leghorn straws are lined with fine gauze ruchings and have large faille bows. Quite as much care is bestowed on the "garnitures" of English straws, straws in open work, and coarse straws. They also have the under part of the brim lined with ruchings or plaitings, and often the outside of the hats is covered with shell-shaped lace fastened down here and there under flowers or ribbon rosettes. If the brim of the round hat is raised on one side a band of ribbon is taken across it and fastened on the crown under a bow or a bunch of flowers. Sometimes there are three or four small bands of faille arranged in this way. They are bordered on either side with tiny ruchings of gauze or tulle. Many children's hats are covered with flowers.

With the present fashions old dresses may be renovated with little trouble and at moderate expense. For this purpose there are embroidered panels, beaded aprons, or quilles of lace, with ribbon bows. Any one of these trimmings will change the whole effect of a dress. Beaded plastrons and lace guimpes serve for the waists. As lace dresses are to be as much in vogue as last season a very slight modification in the arrangement of their trimming will enable many ladies to dispense with the purchase of a new toilet. Cream-colored and ecru etamines can be renovated in two ways. If the article is of a fine quality it can be cleaned, and consequently made like new. If the goods are not of a superior sort, and are only a trifle faded, it may be carefully ironed and combined with trimmings and material in a darker shade. Chestnut and tobacco-brown are the most suitable colors for this purpose. Etamine dresses are trimmed with ecru lace, embroidered galloon in one color, or with cachemire and Algerian designs, and bands of "Bretonne" embroidery. These bands will also serve to trim canvas goods, navy-blue serges for children's dresses and jerseys and jackets. White Breton vests are the style for wear under jerseys. They are embroidered with colored silk or wool, or dotted with tiny gilt stars. Jerseys and jackets are trimmed in the same way with sequins of mother of pearl. Scotch plaid surah or foulard combined with plain goods makes very pretty suits. There are striped foulards and fancy-checked materials used for the same purpose. There may be revers and velvet bretelles or plaited guimps on the waists. Foulard and surah are to be much worn. Cotton foulards are in all the designs of the silk foulards. Stamped "satinettes" and Alsatian cretonnes make becoming and serviceable dresses, and they are quite indispensable for country wear.

A dress for the races is of seal-colored faille, with applique and beaded trimmings in the same shade. On the back of the silk skirt is a faille flounce about twenty inches deep. It falls in full folds. The front is plaited in fan shape, and the sides are raised to the back, where the goods forms a puffing. A wide plush panel down the side of the skirt becomes narrow as it reaches the waist. Up the centre of the panel are beaded applique ornaments. These also extend up the same side of the waist. The basque is of medium length on the left side, while on the right it is quite long. The back and small side pieces of the basque are taken under the puffing. The elbow-sleeves open on the outside of the arm, and are trimmed with galloon and a lace ruffle. Around the high collar and the lower part of the basque is beaded galloon. The gloves suitable to wear with this dress are in a light shade of seal color and are very long. The lace capote is trimmed high in the centre in front with an aigrette of dead leaves. Another toilet for the races is of seal-colored etamine and braided fancy woollen fabric in the same color striped with red, green, and a light shade of seal. The plain skirt is of striped goods. The tunique of plain brown etamine is plaited on the belt, draped in apron style in front, and raised on the left side to show the skirt. The plaits of this drapery are fastened under a pocket flap of striped goods trimmed with three loops and two long ends of seal brown faille ribbon. The back of the tunique forms a long puff. The waist is pointed back and front. It opens in front over a skirt of cream-colored crepe lisse. This skirt is plaited and buttoned down the centre. One button on either side of the waist closes it on the lower part. A revers of bias striped goods is taken down either side of the open part of the waist and around the neck. This trimming terminates in a point like the waist.

Plaited crape is no longer used for neck and sleeve trimmings. It is replaced by plaited silk "crepon." cut bias and folded double, or by bias crape trimmed with rows of fine pearl beads. This crape is in all colors. A row of cut beads also serves for neck and sleeve ornaments. The greatest novelty in Parisian lingerie is the "parure roumeliote." It consists of a collar and cuffs of white batiste, stamped with neat designs in red and blue to form a border, and a cravat of nainsook, with a fine design worked on the ends of the bow.

Gloves for dressy purposes are in light suede shades of undressed kid. Some of these have long arm-pieces of lace. A variety of styles are to be worn for ordinary purposes. The Derby glove is very well adapted to use with English-cut cloth jackets.

The newest sunshades are covered with light tissues. One of these is of salmon-colored silk and cream-colored beaded tulle. Another has a deep lace ruffle, with red silk showing under the lace. The lace is taken about four inches up on the sunshade, and the silk is then uncovered to near the stick, at which point there is more lace and a ribbon bow. There are many bows on the different parts of parasols and even on small umbrellas and "entout-cas."

Mothers-in-Law in History.

[Scottish-American Journal.]

To support the idea that mothers-in-law have never been favorably regarded ethnologists tell us that a singular custom, which enacts that a man shall never look upon the face of his mother-in-law after he is once married, prevails amongst numerous savage peoples apparently widely sundered by geographical distribution and differences of race. The custom obtains among the Caffres of South Africa, among several of the Australian tribes, and among many Polynesians, a fact which some people assume to point to a common origin of these races, but which others look upon as testimony of the existence of a natural law, as a piece of wisdom indigenous to each of these countries, and the direct growth of individual experience. The custom being found in such widely-separated continents as Africa and Australia is considered as proving that it must have been suggested by some common necessity of human nature, and reasons are not wanting to show why savages discovered it was better for a man not to look upon his mother-in-law. Primarily, say the supporters of this theory, because his mother-in-law was a picture in anticipation of what his wife was likely to be. Before marriage a man's mind may not be open to the cold processes of comparison, but afterwards he begins to consider what sort of a bargain he has made, and if his mother-in-law has not improved with age, the ghastly possibility of his wife becoming like her rises before him. Hence these savage tribes prescribe the rule that never after marriage should a man see his mother-in-law, and this in time became a social law or custom.

She Won Him at Poker.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"Why, sir, I won my wife at poker."

"Impossible!"

"True as Gospel."

"Ah, yes; you come from the West."

"Only from Cleveland"—and the old man at the card table in the hotel sitting-room laughs heartily. "Some of you eastern people think that we wear blankets out there and our daughters wear feathers in their hair at breakfast."

"Tell me about the game."

"I will; but you'll be disappointed, it was all so simple. My wife was young and lissome then. It was long before either of us ever thought of Atlantic City. Indeed, it was the first night I ever met my affinity. Heaven bless her! We played poker. I remember it well, for it was past 2 in the morning when we stopped. Only penny ante, too. At the end of it all that girl was as cherry and smiling as a basket of chips. And I swore to myself in my heart right there and then to marry her if it were in the wood."

"Why?"

"I knew she was a gem."

"How?"

"Because in all my life she was the only woman I ever knew who didn't lose her temper over a game of cards. And by the stars and stripes, sir, I was right clean through. I married her in six weeks, and I've been blessing her and that game of poker ever since."

Song by Paul H. Hayne.

[Mobile Register.]

The sounds of the tumult have ceased to ring,
And the battle's sun has set,
And here in peace of the new-born spring,
We would fain forgive and forget.

Forget the rage of the hostile years,
And the scars of the wrong unshriven;
Forgive the torture that thrilled to tears
The angels' calm in Heaven.

Forgive and forget? Yes; be it so,
From the hills to the broad sea waves;
But mournful and low are the winds that blow
By the slopes of a thousand graves.

We may scourge from the spirit all thought of ill
In the midnight of grief held fast;
And yet, O brothers, be loyal still
To the sacred and stainless Past!

She is glancing now from the vapor and cloud—
From the waning mansion of Mars—
And the pride of her beauty is wanly bowed,
And her eyes are misted stars!

And she speaks in a voice that is sad as death:
"There is duty still to be done,
Tho' the trumpet of onset has spent its breath,
And the battle been lost and won";

And she points with a tremulous hand below,
To the wasted and worn array
Of the heroes who strove in the morning glow,
Of the grandeur that crowned "the Gray."

O God, they come not as once they came
In the magical years of yore;
For the trenchant sword and the soul of flame
Shall quiver and flash no more.

Alas! for the broken and battered hosts;
Frail wrecks from a gory sea—
Tho' pale as a band from the realm of ghosts,
Salute them! they fought with Lee.

And gloried when dauntless Stonewall marched
Like a giant o'er field and flood,
When the bow of his splendid victories arched
The tempest whose rain is blood.

Salute them! those wistful and sunken eyes
Flashed lightnings of sacred ire,
When the laughing blue of the southland skies
Was blasted with cloud and fire.

Salute them! Their voices so faint to-day,
Were once the thunder of strife,
In the storm of the hottest and wildest fray,
That ever has mocked at life!

Not vanquished, but crushed by a mystic fate,
Blind nations against them hurled,
By the selfish might and the causeless Hate
Of the banded and ruthless world:

Enough; all Fates are the servants of God,
And follow His guiding hand;
We shall rise some day from the Chastener's rod—
Shall waken and—understand!

But hark to the Past as she murmurs, "Come,
There's a duty still to be done,
Tho' mute is the drum, and the bugle dumb,
And the battle is lost and won!"

No palace is here for the heroes' needs,
With its shining portals apart;
Shall they find the peace of their "Invalides,"
O South! in your grateful heart?

A refuge of welcome, with living halls,
And love for its radiant dome
Till the music of death's reveille calls
The souls of the warriors home!

LEE AND GRANT.

What Military Critics Say About the Two Men.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

It is gratifying to know that as the passions of the war pass away, the truth in regard to achievements of both sides in that struggle is being more clearly set forth. In the light of calm, historical investigation the deeds of the Confederate army are taking their proper place, not merely in our own chronicles, but in the history of the whole country. Old Confederates rejoice in this, all the more perhaps because there is nothing left to them of the terrible struggle of twenty years ago but glorious memories.

Among the lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston, last winter, one of the ablest and most interesting was that of Mr. John C. Ropes, of Boston, on Grant's campaign in 1864 from the Rapidan to Petersburg. Mr. Ropes, as is well known, is one of the most accomplished military critics and writers of the country. He is no less remarkable for fairness of judgment and freedom from prejudice than for the learning, ability, and vigor with which he treats of campaigns and battles. The following extracts from the close of his address will show his judgment in regard to the conduct and results of the Federal operations in Virginia from the 1st of May to the middle of June, 1864:

"Our army sat down before the works of Petersburg, which were to detain us nearly ten months. Neither of the great objects of the campaign had been obtained. Lee's army had not been shattered, nor had Richmond been taken. Our cavalry raids had not destroyed the Confederate lines of supply. The Virginia Central railroad still ran undisturbed by the North Anna through Hanover Junction to Richmond. The Weldon, Danville, and Southside roads were as yet not even menaced. The army was terribly shattered. It had lost considerably more than half of the troops that had crossed the Rapidan on the 3d of May. Undoubtedly it had killed, wounded, and captured some 30,000 of Lee's army. It had carried out Grant's policy of attrition, but that was all. It had simply depleted Lee's army. It had neither disintegrated nor demoralized it.

"In fact, after the battle of Cold Harbor, Lee felt himself able to spare the Second corps, under Early, to oppose Hunter, and afterwards to make a demonstration on Washington of so serious a character that Grant had to dispatch the Sixth and Nineteenth corps to defend the capital. This was the result and consequence of the campaign of 1864 in Virginia.

"The campaign of 1864 must be pronounced a failure. Of this there can be no real question. The capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee, which took place ten months afterwards, were the result of quite different causes. The result of this campaign was to reduce our army in numbers and *morale* out of all proportion with its adversary. I need only to allude to the affair of the Jerusalem plank road, to the assault at the Petersburg mine, and to the action at Reams's station, which occurred in June, July, and August. * * *

"One thing is certain: With any resources less than those of the United States the campaign, as Grant conducted it, must have come to a dead halt. It was so wasteful, so thoughtless of men's lives, that it required large reinforcements, an adversary numerically much weaker, and very patient and much-enduring soldiers."

This and other statements of Mr. Ropes brought down on him the severe criticism of some provincial journals as well as of some correspondents of the Boston papers. In a defence of Mr. Ropes from these criticisms, published in the Boston *Herald*, C. A. P. (a writer unknown to me) thus states the matter:

"One man for four years planned and managed every large battle fought by the army of Virginia, and can it be unfair or biassed if in the light of his numerous victories he is mentioned by brave opponents as deserving of glory from a military point of view. What is the story from our side? McClellan shelved after losing 40,000 men and nothing gained; Pope banished after 12,000 more sacrificed; Burnside removed after an uncalled for slaughter of 13,000, and Hooker ignobly beaten with 17,000 men killed and wounded to add to the list. Meade—and why shouldn't Meade have been obliged to defend his action in allowing a defeated army to leave his front at leisure and cross the Potomac without ending the rebellion then and there?

"Such is the story to Grant's time. Can military men be accused of class prejudice that they tell the truth instead of pandering to partisanship by twisting the facts? General Grant took command, according to Humphreys's figures, of 121,000 men and 354 guns in opposition to his opponent's 62,000 men and 224 guns. He started on his campaign with no plan except to get to Richmond by the road that would give him easiest access to his supplies without regard to country or obstacles. * * * * But Grant had not gauged, as no western officer could, the wonderful skill of his opponent, and feeling assured of his superiority, he grappled his enemy at the first opportunity in dense, unknown woods, and should have come out a wiser man."

Then follows a rapid review of the campaign. The article closes as follows:

"Finally, worn out by this generalship, depleted to almost nothing, half starved, and less than half equipped, Lee left his entrenchments with the fat and hearty army of the Potomac after him; but although then literally the worst-equipped, worst-clothed, and worst-organized army in the world, they increased the roll of the Potomac lost ten thousand in the five days ending with Appomattox. Here, then, we summarize: Was Grant's campaign, in the light of generalship, a success or a failure? Was it not rather a bulldog tenacity, coupled with the power of overwhelming force, which won the final and one victory of 1864-'65?

"At Appomattox the starving, ruined, broken Confederacy surrendered 27,000 men; but such was Grant's vast preponderence that despite his enormous loss 108,000 men were present for duty March 31, 1865.

"Must not the present writer and future historian give Lee his meed of credit, even if it is so English to say it, when in poverty and weakness he repelled every attack, whether concerted or otherwise, of an overwhelming force, backed by overwhelming wealth, for nearly a year, and that too after he had met army after army of the same rich republic for three years previous? Grant's fame is too secure for criticism to harm it; as the captain of great armies, as the winner of great western victories, he will ever stand glorified; but when the story is finally written, his chief crown will not be the Potomac campaign of 1864-'65." W. A.

McDONOUGH, MD., May 12, 1886.

Long John Wentworth's monument to himself is rapidly nearing completion. It will stand in his cemetery lot, in Chicago, and be fifty feet high when finished.